WEEKLY COURIER.

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JASPER, - - - INDIANA.

WON.

She was so young and fair,
I could not choose but love her. At her feet
I laid my heart and life—an offering meet,
And when with sweet assent
She let me kiss her trembling lips divine,
I thought that none could part us—she was mine!

Alas, poor hope! Stern words
From sterner parent came: "I cannot yield;
Go thou and fight in Life's great battlefield.
"Fresh laurels win. When rings
Our land from east to west with thy great fame,
Come then and ask me may she bear thy name!"

With weary hearts and sad,
Beneath the summer stars we bid good-bye,
And vowed to love, through weal or woe, for aye!
Year after year passed on,
And yet, alas! still flowed the changing sea
Between my heart's desire—my life's one love
—and me.

At last, with willing feet
And glad, I homeward turned. My task was done.
White-robed, like angel pure,
She came—my bride—to gladden all my life.
Once more within my arms I held her—wept
I cried: "They cannot part us now, sweet wife."

The joy-bells rung o'erhead,
The birds sung on, as hand in hand we passed
Into a strange sweet life—love crowned at last.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE MISSING WITNESS.

"I'm afraid it's a bad case," I said to myself, as I laid down my brief after reading it over for the third or fourth time, and leaned back in my chair to reconsider it for about the twentieth. "A bad case, and I am sorry for it."

I was a barrister, young both in years and in professional standing, and this was the first brief of any importance I had ever held. My client was an Italian sailor named Luigi Bernini, and the crime of which he was accused was robbery; the plunder being a life-long savings of a woman upwards of eighty years of age, which the poor creature kept hidden in the thatch of her little cabin.

The witnesses were the old woman herself, who had been stunned by a severe blow from the perpetrator of the theft, and a neighbor who deposed to having met the prisoner in the immediate vicinity of the cabin. When Bernini was arrested some days later, a curious foreign coin, identified as a part of the stolen hoard, was found in his pocket. This, however, he accounted for, by saying that he had picked it up on the road. The weak point in the chain of evidence was a scarcely perceptible hesitation on the part of one of the witnesses. She had at first declared positively that the prisoner was the man who she had seen going towards old Joan's cabin, and had afterwards adhered to this statement, with what afterwards appeared to be dogged obstinacy, rather than real conviction.

The prisoner himself positively denied having been in the neighborhood at all on the day of the robbery, but unfortunately he could not speak with certainty as to his whereabouts. He had been lately dismissed from the hospital, scarcely convalescent, after a bad fever; his own ship had left the port, and he had been rejected by the Captains to whom he had offered his services, as not being sufficiently robust for a sailor's work. He had a little money left, and therefore took to wandering aimlessly about the country, intending, as soon as the Columbia returned, to ship aboard of her again. His mind had been weakened and confused by his illness, and although he knew that for several days preceding and following that of the robbery, he had been in a part of the country fully twenty miles distant, he could not possibly say where he had been, or to whom he had spoken on the day in question. Many inquiries had been made, and many persons interviewed who remembered "the poor foreign chap," but no accurate information as to dates was forthcoming. As the testimony of a person who had extended her hospitality to him, "either of a Tuesday or a Thursday," she couldn't rightly say which, would not, unfortunately, carry much weight in a Court of Justice, I had to trust for a defense to the cross-examination of the witnesses, whose character for veracity I hoped, by judicious management of the usual forensic weapons, to compel them to annihilate with their own 'ips.' I much regretted this want of evidence, as I was strongly prepossessed in favor of the prisoner: something frank and honest in his face making it difficult for me to believe him guilty of the cowardly crime of which he was accused. Besides, it was, as I have said, my first important case, and self-interest and professional instinct alike prompted me to desire its successful issue. But of this I had little hope.

I laid aside my brief at length, and went up to the drawing room, where I was greeted by my cousin and hostess with a somewhat petulant reproof for having lingered so long over those musty law papers.

Alice and I had been children together—a big girl and a little boy—we had grown from play-fellows into friends, and since her marriage her house in Carrigarvan had been my resting-place in assize times. I was at no loss to understand the cause of her vexation at my tardy appearance. She was somewhat a match-maker, and having no one but myself on whom to exercise her talents, she had devoted them exclusively to my service. She had already decided upon a suitable wife for me, and was now exerting herself to the utmost to bring about the marriage. The chosen young lady was present, and I knew that Alice was much annoyed with me for devoting the evening to my brief instead of to Dora Lyne. The latter was the daughter of a solicitor in good practice, and was herself a very pretty, bright looking girl, who would, I was compelled to admit, be a most desirable wife for a young unknown barrister.

I was thoroughly fond of Alice, and she was my chosen confidante whenever I needed one; but I could not tell her even that the true reason which prevented Dora Lyne's brown eyes and sweet voice making their due impression on me was the remembrance of a face seen but during a three-hours' railway journey, a face with dark gray eyes and quiet, thoughtful expression, and of a voice heard at somewhat rare intervals in the space of time, whose soft, low-pitched tones still vibrated in my imagination. Alice would have been too good natured to laugh at me, but I felt sure that, had she known the state of the case, she would have entertained, and probably expressed, fears that overstudy had affected my brain—an opinion that would probably have been shared by all persons whose characteristic was common-sense.

Miss Lyne, perceiving that Alice was vexed with me, and wishing, I think, to show that she did not share the feeling, called me over to look at some prints and photographs which she was examining.

"Alice," said Miss Lyne, at length, "did you show Mr. Lestrange the sketch you found in that book?"

"No," said Alice; "I forgot it. You will find it in that volume of the 'Stones of Venice' on my table, Richard. It is really a beautiful sketch. I wonder how it came to be forgotten in the book."

I brought the book to Dora Lyne, who turned over the leaves until she found the drawing, which she put into my hands. The moment I saw it I uttered an exclamation of surprise, which brought my cousin at once to my side.

It was a spirited water-colored sketch of a man's head—a dark, foreign looking face surmounted by a red cap. It was, however, neither the skill of the artist nor the picturesque beauty of the model that attracted my attention; it was the fact that in the somewhat peculiar features of the latter I recognized those of my client, Luigi Bernini.

"What an odd coincidence!" said Alice, when I had explained. "I wonder who could have taken the sketch—some one who knows how to handle a brush," she added, looking critically at it. "See, here are initials and a date, but they are so faint that I cannot make them out."

"Let me try," said Dora; "I have good sight." She took the sketch over to the lamp and scrutinized it closely. "W. M. D., but I cannot make out the date. Stay, I have it. May 10th, 18—"

"May 10th—why, that was the very day of the robbery," I said. Then the full significance of this date flashed suddenly upon me, and I absolutely turned giddy. "The alibi!" I gasped—"if we could find the man who did that sketch, we might succeed in proving the alibi." Dora Lyne grasped my meaning with ready quickness.

"Morrison's Library that book came from, was it not, Alice. They ought to be able to tell you there who had it on, or immediately after the 10th of May."

"And the person, whoever she or he is, will have to be hunted up," I said, "and there's so little time. This is Monday, and the trial is fixed for Wednesday. I suppose Morrison's is closed by this, Alice?"

"Indeed, it is," she answered. "You would find no one there now but a caretaker. You must just wait patiently until to-morrow, Richard."

I had perforce to wait; as to the patience with which I did so, the less said the better.

The following morning found me at Morrison's Library. On explaining my business, I was referred to the clerk in charge of the library department, from whom I totally failed to obtain the required information. The young man who usually attended to that part of the business was away; if I could call next week—"

I intimated with what appeared to me, at the time, most praiseworthy self-control, that next week would not do, giving a partial explanation of the circumstances. But the clerk, although apparently willing to help me, professed himself quite unable to do so.

"You see, sir," he said, "if you wanted to know what book any subscriber had out at a given time I could probably tell you, but as for ascertaining the whereabouts of a special book—it's an impossibility. If you like to look over our entries for yourself, you are welcome to do so."

I accepted this offer, and spent a good part of the day turning over the blotted pages wherein were inscribed the names and course of reading of the subscribers to Morrison's. And an unprofitable morning's work it was. The record was to all appearance imperfectly kept, and I failed to trace the second volume of the "Stones of Venice" through a period longer than three weeks, during which it had twice changed hands.

Some hours more were spent in hunting up the persons in whose possession it had been for that length of time, neither of whom could give any information concerning the sketch. An application to Bernini himself was equally fruitless. He remembered that a lady and gentleman whom he had met during his wanderings had asked him to sit to them, but he did not know who they were, nor could he even make it clear where the incident had occurred.

I returned home at dinner time, tired and baffled, to report my failure to Alice and her husband, from whom I received much sympathy but no suggestion of any practical value. I had given up hope, and was endeavoring to dismiss the subject from my thoughts, when late in the evening the hall door bell sounded and a message came up that a person wanted to speak to Mr. Lestrange. Going down, I found waiting for me a bright looking boy, one of the shop assistants at Morrison's, who had been for a short time aiding in my investigation of the entries.

"I think I have what you want, sir," he said, as I entered the room. "It was in my mind all that day that I had given out that book to some one, I couldn't think who, and a chance word that I heard this evening brought it all back to me like a flash. It was to Mrs. French, of Redcourt, that I gave it, and it must have been on the 3d or 4th of May. Here is the lady's name and address, sir;" and he handed me a slip of paper on which was written "Mrs. French, Redcourt, Kilcarran." It was in Kilcarran or the neighborhood that, according to Bernini's own statement, he had spent the day of the robbery.

Thanking and dismissing the lad, I returned to the drawing room with my prize. The next step was to communicate with Mrs. French. Kilcarran was fully fifteen miles from Carrigarvan, and the trial was to begin the following morning.

"Hand me over that railway guide, Dick," said Alice's husband. "I thought so—no train before ten. There's nothing for it but for me to drive to Kilcarran the first thing in the morning—the mare can easily do it in two hours—and if I find that any one there can give evidence worth having, I'll bring them back with me, and have them in court before the case for the defense opens."

The trial began next morning, proceeding at an unusually rapid rate. It seemed to me that the learned counsel for the prosecution had never before put forth his wisdom and legal knowledge in so condensed form. The cross-examination of the witnesses was of course in my hands, and I did my best to make it as tedious as possible, totally failing, however, in my attempts to confuse them or cause them to contradict themselves. My only hope lay now in the unknown witness, and of him there were no tidings. The case for the prosecution closed and the court adjourned for lunch; I was standing in the bar-room, thinking over my speech for the defense, and mentally re-arranging my sentences after the manner of the most prosy member of the circuit, when a note was handed to me: "All right—the witness is in the Sheriff's room."

Going into the Sheriff's room, I found my cousin, accompanied by a strange lady and gentleman.

"This is the prisoner's counsel," said the former, as I entered. "Allow me to introduce Mr. Lestrange—Miss Darcy, Mr. French." I turned to the lady as her name was pronounced, and, I am afraid, forgot to bow, in my surprise and delight at recognizing in the tall, fair-haired girl before me my dream of the last six months; my unknown love, another glimpse of whom had been my chief desire ever since I lost sight of her as she stood on the platform of the little roadside station where she had alighted.

"It was Miss Darcy who did that sketch," said my cousin, "and she remembers all about it."

"Yes," said the girl, "the sketch was taken at Kilcarran, on the 10th of May. I remember all the circumstances perfectly, and should have no difficulty in identifying the original."

Having by a few hurried questions convinced myself of the value of Miss Darcy's testimony, I took her and her brother-in-law, placing them where they had a full view of the prisoner. Miss Darcy looked attentively at the latter for a minute or two, and then said, decidedly:

"Yes, that is the man."

I opened the case for the defense in as few words as possible, and then called up my witness—Winifred Darcy. She gave her evidence very well, in grave, concise language, without irrelevance or circumlocation. She stated that she lived at Redcourt with her sister, Mrs. French, and that on the 10th of May she and her cousin had spent the greater part of the day sketching by the river-side at Kilcarran. At about two o'clock a gust of wind had carried her hat into the stream, whence it was recovered by the prisoner, who happened to pass by at the moment. Interested by something in his appearance, they tried to enter into conversation with him, but without much success, his English being very imperfect. They, however, managed to make him understand that they wished to employ him as a model, and he sat to them patiently for more than an hour, at the end of which time he went away with many expressions of gratitude for the money they gave him. Miss Darcy would have been certain as to the date, even if it had not been affixed to the drawing (which was produced in court), as her cousin had arrived at Kilcarran on the 9th of May, and left on the 11th.

Cross-examination failed to cast any doubt on the accuracy of Miss Darcy's evidence, while her veracity was of course above suspicion.

The jury professed themselves satisfied with the evidence, and, declining to hear counsel for the defense, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." The prisoner was seized upon by some of his compatriots, who were serving on the mixed jury, and carried off in triumph, somewhat dazed by the change in his prospects.

Some months afterward, a man, dying from the effects of a hurt received in a drunken brawl, acknowledged himself guilty of the crime of which Bernini had been accused. He also was an Italian, and bore sufficient resemblance to his countryman in height and complexion to account in some degree for the mistake of the witnesses.

As for me, I date the beginning of both my professional success and of my life's happiness from the day of Bernini's trial.—*English paper.*

—Mismated stockings are a new idiosyncrasy.

Black Cashmere, Camel's-hair, Etc.

A nice black wool dress has become almost indispensable in a lady's outfit, and is valued alike by the young and old. For young the present fancy is to brighten black dresses with facings and vests of colored cashmere, or to wear an entire basque of a gay color, or else a Jersey waist, but the greater number of black wool dresses are now made in the simple styles adopted for cloth dresses, as these are more serviceable because less likely to go out of fashion, and are inexpensive because they require no trimming but stitching, or else very simple braiding. The cashmere of nice quality, and jet black without a blue cast, is of itself so pleasing a fabric that trimming is not needed to enhance its beauty, but the tubular braids, many rows of soutache, or a small quantity of galloon made of twisted cords, or some velvet folds are generally added to camel's hair dresses. If a combination is liked better, or there are partly worn skirts of last season to be remodeled, the wool goods is used for a panier polonaise or a pelisse with revers, cuffs and collar of the material of the skirt. The Jersey webbing that is sold by the yard is also purchased for a waist to be used with woolen skirts; in single widths this is now sold for $1.50 a yard, and is made up with few seams, and more snugly fitted than less elastic fabrics, as it clings and expands with the figure. Some young ladies add a collar, wristbands, and sash of dark red, bright Turkey red, or turquoise blue cashmere to complete these waists; the buttons are usually black and very small. Plush that is no longer the first fashion, is now used for the skirt, with camel's-hair for the over-dress. The skirt may be perfectly plain, with a narrow box-plaiting of camel's-hair at the foot, or it may have some lengthwise plaits added in the front or sides where the over-dress discloses it, or it may have most of its fulness in two great box-plaits behind, and the cloth-like overgarment be cut with long side gores, and a short postilion back that is cut off straight across on the tournure. This makes a warm looking winter dress for ladies who do not find the tailor-made suits becoming. The woolen repped stuffs that are liked best have the reps lengthwise instead of across the fabric, because they are more easily cleansed by brushing downward; these are similar to what was formerly called Biarritz cloth, but the reps are more prominent. Beaded trimmings are not liked for black wool dresses, the ladies who consider expense think it a risk to buy jet trimmings, because they have been worn so long. The embroideries done on the fabric are liked for more costly black dresses of cashmere or of camel's-hair.

The Henrietta cloths that were formerly confined to ladies dressing in mourning are now used by those wearing colors when a very rich fabric is desired, and the trimming is the silk Spanish lace with heavy corded designs on meshes of guipure. Shirring in broad masses is no longer used on woolen skirts, though the slightly shirred scarf draperies, or the fronts of the basque shirred upon a vest, are still popular. Tucks around the skirt and on the over-skirt are more used even than last season, and quite rival the lengthwise plaits. This is especially true of French dresses, as the Parisian dressmakers have lately made the entire front and side breadths of half-inch tucks in cashmere costumes not only in black, but in colors. The effect is that of horizontal braiding, and the edge is trimmed with a ruche or with a narrow box-plaiting. Vests are worn in such varied shapes this season that they afford excellent ways of freshening up a partly worn basque. A velvet, corduroy, velveteen or brocaded velvet vest may be appropriately added to almost any wool, or silk, or satin basque. If the bottoms and holes are frayed, a Breton vest is most useful, as it is all in one piece, or may have a seam down the middle, and can be sewed on the right side with a slight edging of cord passementerie, and is lapped across to the left, where it is met by similar trimming, and may be fastened by hooks and loops, or there may be a row of small buttons down each side. If the skirt front is also worn, a breadth of velvet may be inserted there in similar fashion, and the vagaries of the styles are such that a bit of chenille or jetted fringe may be used at the foot of this breadth, even though it does not appear elsewhere on the dress; indeed, there is a fancy for leaving the wide side breadths without any trimming at the foot, no matter how elaborately the other parts of the skirt may be trimmed. If the Breton vest is not liked, there can be a narrower vest put under scallops of the dress waist, or with a ruche to conceal the join, or there may be a more masculine-shaped vest, with double points in front, and slits for watch and change pockets. This vest is sewed in the under-arm seams, and is often of brocade, with the cashmere front of the basque drawn back gradually from just beneath the collar. Two gathered frills of doubled ottoman silk or of satin, each an inch and a half wide, and both turned toward the left side, and placed down the basque from neck to waist line, are tasteful trimmings for any waist, and will conceal the soiled front of a dress of last year.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Mrs. Langtry must have thought some American reporters a queer lot, especially the one who, in so thick a fog in the lower New York Bay that you could hardly see a ship's length ahead, asked: "What are your impressions of America?" "Oh, I think the forts at the opening of the harbor very interesting pieces of stone-work," she replied. And she might have added that his head was a very interesting piece of wood-work.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mr. E. Peshine Smith, the journalist who recently died in Rochester, was the author of a "Manual of Political Economy," which has been adopted as a text-book in several foreign universities, and which has been translated.

—Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, American missionary in Syria, has printed many of the poems and rhymes from *St. Nicholas* in the Arabic language at Beyrout. The volume was issued in June last, and is the first of its kind ever printed.

—A book has just been issued in Vermont entitled "The Resurrection of Christ from a Lawyer's Standpoint." It is an investigation conducted according to the laws of evidence, and it ends with a full acceptance of the resurrection of Christ as a historical fact.

—Miss Abbie Pulsifer, of Auburn, Me., has been a reporter in the courts there for ten years. Other female short-hand writers are Miss Alice C. Nute, of Chicago; Miss Ingersoll, of Washington; and Mrs. S. J. Barrows, of Boston, who reported in English a speech delivered in German without translation.

—The well-known and favorite nursery song, "Three Blind Mice," dates back to 1609, during which year it originally appeared in a music-book, the authorship of which cannot be traced. The familiar nursery rhyme of "Little Jack Horner" was written in the sixteenth century, though by whom cannot be ascertained.

—Mr. Gladstone is an able man. He delivers brilliant speeches, reads Greek like English and is one of the best scholars alive. But at the same time he jumps around and howls like an illiterate plumber when, in kicking on a tight boot, a hole in the toe of his stocking causes that valuable article to shoot way back around his ankle.—*Puck.*

—That the dear people may have the best book possible for the guidance of their lives, some enterprising students in New York, believing that there is good in every religion and that no religion is perfect, have compiled what they consider useful in all the sacred writings and published it under the name of "Oahspe, The New Bible." The work claims to be a history of the heavens and the earth for the past 2,000 years.

—James Collins, of South Lawrence, Mass., is in his 110th year. Born in Ireland, he was left an orphan at the age of six months, and buried the last of his five brothers over sixty years ago. After living ninety-five years on a farm in his native Erin, he concluded to seek his fortune in the land of the free, making the voyage with little discomfort. He buried his wife forty years ago, and is cared for by five of his children living in Lawrence. He talks, hears and sees well, never took medicine, and never was sick, saws wood and walks for exercise, and has still on his head locks of his own hair, of which the genuine Irish auburn has never been silvered by time.

HUMOROUS.

—"Harry, you ought not to throw away nice bread like that; you may want it some day." "Well, mother, should I stand any better show of getting it then if I ate it now?"

—The widows of India having been prevented by the tyrannous English from cremating themselves along with their dead lords, have taken to second marriages. They are determined to sacrifice themselves somehow.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Two Philadelphia lawyers got into a street fight the other day. Each swore if he had a pistol he'd kill the other. At once a dozen were offered to each by spectators. When they found how anxious the populace was to get rid of them, they swore friendship and vowed to live forever, to spite the town.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Some scientist in London has been translating the songs of our childhood into the language of the learned. The little piping rhyme beginning "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," has been changed into this rhetorical blast from the trombone:

Scintillate, scintillate, globule virific:
Fain would I fathom thy nature specific.
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

—At a party the other evening the subject of faith was mentioned, when one young lady remarked, in the language of Paul: "Now, faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." Whereupon a gentleman inquired: "Where is that quotation from?" "Why, it's from Shakespeare," jokingly replied the young lady. "Is that so?" said the young man; "why, I thought it was from Byron." His next Christmas present will be a copy of the New Testament revised edition.

—A couple of darkeys were seated on the steps of a store on Baldwin street, Elmira, where was displayed a large quantity of watermelons, when one said: "Sambo, what would be the konsequences if we should pluck one of dem melons an' retire to de bed ob de ole canal to test de quality ob de core?" "I isn't very well versed in de law, but you take de melon an' walk off wid it under your coat-tail, meantime I'll go roun' de corner and study de konsequences."—*Millerton (N. Y.) Argus.*

—A German paper has rather a good story about a lady who, not feeling as well as she liked, went to consult a physician. "Well," said the doctor, after looking at her tongue, feeling her pulse, and asking her sundry questions, "I should advise you, yes, I should advise you—ahem!—to get married." "Are you single, doctor?" inquired the fair patient, with a significant yet modest smile. "I am, mein Fraulein; but it is not etiquette, you know, for physicians to take the physic they prescribe."